

**FILL UP, FILL UP**

**QUARTETTE**

FROM

**Fry's Opera**

**LEONORA.**

*Price 25 Cts.*

PHILAD<sup>a</sup>

E. FERRETT & C<sup>o</sup>

*40 South 8<sup>th</sup> S<sup>t</sup>. 3<sup>rd</sup> Store below Chestnut S<sup>t</sup>.*

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Words by J.R.FRY.

## LEONORA .

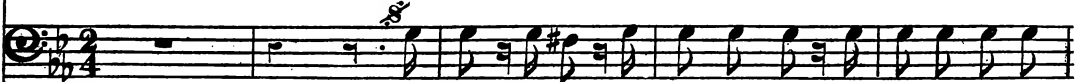
Music by W.H.FRY.

Allegro non tanto

PIANO FORTE.

The musical score is written for piano and forte, featuring a variety of musical notations and dynamics. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into several systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system includes a *Tremolano* instruction and a *sfz* (sforzando) dynamic. The second system features a *sp* (sustained piano) dynamic. The third system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) instruction. The fourth system includes a *loco.* (loco) instruction. The fifth system includes a *p* (piano) dynamic. The sixth system includes a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The seventh system includes a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The score is written in a style typical of 19th-century musical notation, with a focus on melodic lines and harmonic support.

## CHORUS.

1<sup>st</sup> TENOR.1<sup>st</sup> VERSE. Fill up, Fill up, the vine wreath'd cup; And drain its golden2<sup>d</sup> TENOR.2<sup>d</sup> VERSE. Fill up, again! and not in vain From time his weapon1<sup>st</sup> BASS.1<sup>st</sup> VERSE. Fill up, Fill up, the vine wreath'd cup; And drain its golden2<sup>d</sup> BASS.2<sup>d</sup> VERSE. Fill up, again! and not in vain From time his weapon

PIANO FORTE



well, Where truth lies deep And bright thoughts sleep, And dreamy mem'ries dwell: Fill

steal, Till age live o'er its youth once more, And youth immortal feel: Till

well, Where truth lies deep And bright thoughts sleep, And dreamy mem'ries dwell: Fill

steal, Till age live o'er its youth once more, And youth immortal feel: Fill

Fill up. 9.

up and bring the ru - by spring To lips whose kindred glow, Full  
 through each heart the free blood start And on its tor - rent bear The

up and bring the ru - by spring To lips whose kindred glow, Full  
 through each heart the free blood start And on its tor - rent bear The

well may prove How wine and love make earth a heav'n be - low! Grim  
 glorious freight of thoughts elate With tri - umph o - ver care! Then

well may prove How wine and love make earth a heav'n be - low! Grim  
 glorious freight of thoughts elate With tri - umph o - ver care! Then

care we flout with mer\_ry shout Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! And

wel\_come all the wine god's call Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! With

care we flout with mer\_ry shout Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! And

wel\_come all the wine god's call Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! With

while we quaff, blend song and laugh Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! *p* Fill

cheer and song his reign prolong Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! *p* Fill

while we quaff, blend song and laugh Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! *p* Fill

cheer and song his reign prolong Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Hurrah! *p* Fill

up! fill up! Fill up! fill up! Hur-rah! Hurrah! Hur-rah! \_\_\_\_\_ *pp* Fill

up! a-gain Fill up! a-gain Hur-rah! Hurrah! Hur-rah! \_\_\_\_\_ *pp* Fill

up! fill up! Fill up! fill up! Hur-rah! Hurrah! Hur-rah! \_\_\_\_\_ *pp* Fill

up! a-gain Fill up! a-gain Hur-rah! Hurrah! Hur-rah! \_\_\_\_\_ *pp* Fill

*pp*

up, fill up, the vine wreath'd cup And drain its golden well, Where

up again and not in vain From time his weapon steal Till

up, fill up, the vine wreath'd cup And drain its golden well, Where

up again and not in vain From time his weapon steal Till

truth lies deep, and bright thoughts sleep, And dreamy memories dwell: Fill

age live o'er its youth once more And youth im-mor-tal feel: Till

truth lies deep, and bright thoughts sleep, And dreamy memories dwell: Fill

age live o'er its youth once more And youth im-mor-tal feel: Till

up and bring the ru-by spring To lips whose kindred glow, Full

through each heart the free blood start, And on its torrent bear The

up and bring the ru-by spring To lips whose kindred glow, Full

through each heart the free blood start, And on its torrent bear The

well may prove how wine and love Make earth a heav'n be -  
 glor - ious freight of thoughts e - late With tri - umph o - ver

well may prove how wine and love Make earth a heav'n be -  
 glor - ious freight of thoughts e - late With tri - umph o - ver

\_low. Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

care. Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

\_low. Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

care. Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

Ped.

Fill up, 9.



1<sup>st</sup> time. 2<sup>d</sup> time. FINE.